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POPULAR TALES.

From the Columbian Magazine.

WILLARD LAWSON.

AN INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE  
STORY FROM REAL LIFE.

BY FANNY FORRESTER.

Chapter I.—LEAVING HOME.

"You will be sorry for it, Willard."

"Sorry! I tell you, Sophy, I have been in leading strings long enough; and I will go where I can, now and then, do as I choose!"

"You will be back in less than three days."

"No, not in less than three years. Come, tell me, what I shall bring you from over the seas; they have all sorts of gewgaws in the Indies, and, maybe, I shall go to China, or—"

"Or take a peep into Symm's hole, or a ride on the rae's back. Bring me a pair of slippers from Lilliput!"

"I will bring you a pair so small that you cannot wear them, if that is what you like; and a rare India shawl to beat cousin Meg's."

"I hope you will get your purse well replenished; I dare say you will find them in New York."

"New York!"

"Don't speak so contemptuously of our mammoth city, Will; there will be a little fading out of those handsome curls, I dare say, before you will see a larger."

"I tell you, Sophy, I am going to sea. What part of the world I may visit, I don't know, but it will be many a long year before you will see me again."

"Nonsense, Will, think of scrambling up ropes and perching in the air like a monkey! You have always had a taste that way, I know, but try it in a gale, and you would soon come to the conclusion that you had a little too much of it. Come, this freak of yours is all nonsense; be obedient, and father will be kind to you; but you know it wrong for you to go."

"I know it was not wrong, Sophy, and I am glad I went. I should like to know what right any body has to hinder me from speaking to a school-fellow now and then, or even from shaking my toe in a dance, if I choose? Wonderful good some people are, indeed! I wish they would tell me how much dancing is than anger; and didn't you see how pale he turned? James turned pale, too, for I believe he thought I would get knocked down. I almost wish he had done it."

"Willard!"

"No drives me to it, Sophy."

"If you go away with these bad feelings, I am afraid you never will come back again."

"May-be—but yes, I shall—of course I shall. I shall want to see you, and—and all. Oh! I shall come back sometime."

"I am afraid not, Willard."

The observation seemed to induce a new train of thought, for the boy's excited countenance assumed an unusual soberness; a tear crept to his eye and twinkled on the upraised lash, but he brushed it hastily away, and with a never fear for that, Sophy, sprang to the door, as though afraid to trust his voice with another word. The sister waited awhile for his return, thinking that he would at least bid her a good-night; but when she perceived that he was not coming, she began to persuade herself that he was ashamed of his folly and would be in better temper in the morning, or that her father would abate some of his sternness; at any rate, somehow, the difficulty would be settled, as others had been before; and so she went to sleep.

These troubles were nothing new to her. Judge Lawson was a noble-minded, upright man, who exercised a kind of patriarchal sway, not only in his family, but over the whole neighborhood. He was a good father and a kind neighbor to the main, but stern and self-willed; all saavily and gentleness when obeyed, but no to the luckless individual who dared to oppose his plan or wishes. To such, if the truth must be owned, Judge Lawson was a tyrant. He had managed, however, without unpleasant bickerings, to bring up his family in the strictest integrity; and they were now about him doing honor to his gray hairs. They had yielded to him; he had led them wisely, and now they honored him with all their hearts. Sons and sons-in-law looked up to him with reverence, all but a bold, daring boy, his youngest child, the handsomest and the bravest—but, alas! so full of faults! Willard had talents, but he did not like the trouble of cultivating them; like many another, he was so well satisfied with his natural acuteness, that he could see no necessity for bestowing labor on the mental soil. Mistaken Willard! Mistaken thousands! He was spirited as a young colt that spurns the bit, and grew restive under his father's control before he had reached a dozen summers. Now he had grown into a tall sapling, and considered himself very nearly a man, and was he to be led about like a baby? I think—I do not know—but I really think that if Judge Lawson had not been quite so authorita-

tive and unbending, his son Willard would have been more manageable; but yet I must admit that the Judge never required any thing of him which was not right. Then Willard was frank and joyous, with a heart full of generous sentiments, and brimming over with sympathy and kindness; and it must be owned there was something which shut down over his spirit like a lid whenever he entered his father's house. He had felt it when a little boy playing in the sunshine on the lawn; and used to think, when called in at evening, of the atmosphere of a damp, dark cellar in the spring-time; but the uncomfortable feeling had increased as he grew older, and now Willard Lawson did not love his home. It was a rare good place for his intellect, but there was no room there for his heart to expand. All were kind, his sister Sophia especially so, but it was a kindness which was always smooth and even and cold—no bubbling, no sudden gushes, like the spring which lures the travel-stained wanderer from the way-side, or the fountain leaping up at the kiss of the breezes and the glances of the sun-light; but a quiet, calm, lifeless sort of kindness, that seemed to lack that universal inspiration—love. So he went away from home for society, not always selecting the best, for how could the boy know how to choose rightly? He found more sympathy without doors than within; and so Willard Lawson, young as he was, had set both feet resolutely in a most dangerous path. Beware, Willard! Nay, but he will not beware; he has been in leading strings long enough, and he was resolved on emancipation.

How much Willard Lawson slept that night! He will not attempt to say—but many misgivings visited his heart in the lone darkness—or how much dearer his home became as he thought upon the words of his sister; "If you leave us with these bad feelings, I am afraid you never will come back again." The thoughts and emotions were his own, his own to brood over, his own to bury—forget he probably never would. Morning dawned at last, and by the first faint glimmer Willard rose and dressed himself. He then walked about the little room, as though taking a farewell of every article of furniture, and looked from the window, and walked again, till a tear, actually a big round tear, rolled from his eyes like a red-hot bullet and dropped upon his hand. He was alone now, and so it was no shame to weep; and Willard did not even put a finger to his eyes while the liquid sorrow rained down over his cheeks in torrents. Poor boy! It is a pitiful thing to forsake the roof which sheltered us in our helplessness; where the only real love the wide earth knows beamed on our infant eyes were tenderness and purity and truth and blossom in the sunshine of kindness and the dew of innocence; the dear hallowed heartstone circled round with sacred affections—pitiful to leave it, and for what? Thank God for the gilded veil behind which the Protean future is allowed to conceal her features. Who would look into the book of fate and read at a glance his own destiny? Willard Lawson had no very bright hopes this morning for the false star glittering yesterday before his eyes had set in darkness—been extinguished in tears. He had laughed and sported in that room, he had slept there while angels guarded him, he had lipped his first prayers there, and there too had he almost forgotten the duty. He was still but a boy, and yet he was very much changed, and he thought upon this change with sadness. What a little innocent fellow he was when he went to sleep hugging his first top to his bosom, and thinking what a dear good papa he was to bring such an invaluable present from the town. And how often, in his childish reverence, had he thought of that same father, and wondered if his Heavenly Father could be any better or any wiser! And how disobedient he had been of late, and self-willed, and disrespectful—in actions rather than words, and in thoughts more than either!

Dost thou relent, Willard? Is there not a softening in thy heart? Are not thy lips moving to the words, "I will arise and go unto my father? Ah! stay, thou rash youth! Gently, gently! There is a balm in penitential tears. I already see the rainbow arching thy heart. It is precious moments, Willard; beware! Nay, all is lost! That movement below, followed by the whistle of Bluff Bill, the man-of-all-work, has sent other thoughts into the head of the stripling, and the scale is turned. The tears are brushed away, and in quiet, but hurriedly, the room is left without a tenant.

Willard stood in the yard, beneath the dear old trees where he had sported in childhood. The large, long-limbed butternut had never seemed so beautiful as now, since the day when an urchin in petticoats, he scrambled up its jagged trunk to get a peep into the snug little home of Madam Redbreast, and came down again amid buzzar and chiding; and as for the elm trees, he had pruned them himself many a time, and he had watched them year after year till he knew the position of every graceful branch against the sky, as he knew the places of the children at his father's table. There was a locust precisely his own age, and it had been so often mentioned, that he felt as though somehow that tree belonged to him—was linked to his life—a part of himself, which he ought to carry away, or rather which he ought to stay and cherish.

He cast a glance around to see that no one was near, and then he threw his arms about the dear old tree, and pressed his lips to the rough, dew-sprinkled bark, as though it had been a living object of love. This done, he looked back upon the house hurriedly, and passed on. In the stable stood gay Larry, the fine young saddle-horse, which turned at the sound of his voice, and laid his finely arched neck over his shoulder, with the affections of a child; and he patted the animal and passed his hand over his smooth glossy

skin, and then buried his face in the flowing mane and wept unrestrainedly. Poor Willard! Larry was an old playmate, and that Larry loved him was clear, for to no other one was he so gentle and obedient. Oh, if Larry could but go with him! Our hearts warm towards thee, dear Willard, more than they did a half-hour since, when the careless whistle of Bill awakened thee to all thy stubbornness; for there is that in thy spirit which the angels know to be priceless. Thou art even as mettlesome as thy pet Larry, but thou art good and noble too, for thou lovest the poor dumb animals which look up to thee for care and protection, even as thou shouldst look to Heaven. Mayst thou never lose the manly softness, young Willard! The lad found as he passed on that he had bestowed more love on Lawson farm than he had imagined. The cows now in particular, which had always been called his, looked into his face with a kind of pleading mournfulness—a sad, beseeching expression, that seemed to him made up of love and censure; and they came lowing after him, as though they would yet entreat his return. Even the fowls gathered about his feet familiarly, raised a chorus of sounds which it was not difficult for him to interpret. "Sir Chanticleer" shook his long particular plumes ominously, and sent out a shrill, high-ringing warning; the hens cackling, flocked before him, like a swarm of butterflies in August; and a dove flew from its perch to his shoulder, and then nestled in his bosom, looking up to him, with its warm melting eyes swimming in love as his were in tears.

There is yet time to retract, Willard. Take back those dangerous steps, and no one will know they have been trodden. No, this is not among things possible to the boy. The parting is taking the very life from the inmost core of his heart, tearing away the threads which invisible fingers have been braiding within, ever since his baby foot first tottered on the threshold of being; but who ever suspected Willard Lawson of wavering or fickleness? Why, we might as soon expect the judge himself to change his mind and reverse a decision. Willard, boy as he is, will never hesitate and falter after he has resolved; but it is no part of his philosophy to dispense with feeling. Perhaps—I am not sure how strong the sense of right may be in his bosom—but perhaps if he were thoroughly convinced that he was taking a wrong step, one which he would regret in after life, he might yet be induced to go back and nestle again, more lovingly than ever, among the dear old associations which are clustering around him, striving to entangle for good his erring feet. But Willard with his bold, free spirit, swelling in his bosom, will never stay with Larry and the other dumb things that loved him at what his boyish inexperience deem a sacrifice of his yet unboarded manliness!

Willard passed from the barnyard without venturing to look upon the garden patch, for he had chafed enough without listening to the gentle murmurs of the green things that the morning breeze was dallying with; and leaping the stile took his way across a rich field of clover, which the little spirits of the night and the messenger sun rays had decked out in matchless diamonds. Sometimes a little sheet of gossamers, fastened to shafts of emerald, gleamed with all the colors of the rainbow, here and there breaking from its fastenings, as highly gifted spirits sometimes sink beneath the weight of their own wealth. Spires of grass bent beneath clusters of the same jewels; and the fragrant clover-heads, and nodding butter-cups flashed and sparkled like the coronet of a duchess. Birds, sweet, glad little creatures, with wings and voices but too familiar, caroled from the tree-tops or wheeled and careered in mid-air, mad with exultant happiness, (blessed spirits of the air! and the bee, in his black coat with more gold than even a gay courier of the olden time would have cared to deck his mantle with, sped beneath the soft clouds like an arrow and plunged headlong among the luxuriant sweets of the fragrant clover blossoms. How all these glad things contrasted with the heavy spirits of the young wanderer! A stream went dancing and bubbling by, right merrily; and close beside the rugged bridge was a deep place, where he had angled for trout for many a summer.

Willard glanced at it, and seemed inclined to stop, then passed on, returned again, and kneeling down, bent his head far over and peered earnestly down into the water. A fin swept by, with a thin layer of silver over it, and he caught a mottled back, crimson and amber, and a pale, soft azure in a setting of gray. Another followed, and then came a troop of little silver things, hurrying after each other, as though they were on their way to a fairy wedding, scarce rippling the water as they went. Willard caught by a branch of the birch tree that grew there when he first opened his eyes on the landscape, and swung himself to the bank. His seat was as soft as the richest carpet, woven of glossy brown and gold; and he again bent over the stream he scooped up handfuls of the cool water and dashed them over his burning face, jewelling his wavy hair and the luxuriant back together.

Along the borders of the stream grew clumps of willows, their narrow leaves trembling on the breath of the morning, and now and then wild elm, shaggy with green away down to the earth, or a round-topped maple, or a silver-coated beech; and at their roots sprang troops of flowers, bending their blue and crimson cups to the water, while in the spots of light breaking through their branches swarmed clouds of bright-hued insects, dipping their gay wings in the liquid gold of the heart of nature. It was beautiful; and Willard had often thought so; but now his heart yearned toward the familiar scene, and he would have taken the whole to his bosom and folded his arms about it as tenderly as a mother clasps the

child she dotes upon. Again the tears rushed to his eyes, and again he dashed the cool water upon his face, and, without turning for another glance, hurried on. The sheep were speckling the green of the neighboring pastures, and the horses were bounding and tossing their manes in play or quietly cropping the grass at their feet; but Willard had grown wiser and did not trust himself among them. He sprang over the fence and proceeded resolutely along the road-side. But his trials were not yet over. With a cry of joy, that seemed almost human, a dog rushed over the banks among the thorny bushes, scattering down a shower of rain-drops, bounded over the fence and leaped, quivering all over with gladness, to the shoulders of his young master.

"Good dog! good Rover!" exclaimed the boy in a husky, broken voice, patting the head and smoothing the neck of his favorite. "Good fellow! I did not want to scold you; and so—Bill should have known better than to set you free. But I must take nothing, not even my own dog, from the farm. Go back, Rover! go back!"

The dog seemed to understand the words, that they were spoken low and sorrowfully and without a gesture, and he looked up with his large, meek eyes into the boy's face—oh, so pleadingly. Poor Willard's heart had been swelling until his bosom seemed hardly large enough to contain it, but this last appeal was too much; and with uncontrollable sobbings, he threw himself upon the neck of his dumb favorite, and clung to him as though he had had no other associate or friend on earth. And he had no other now. Poor Willard! For awhile the wanderer sobbed on in utter abandonment; the dog now thrusting his nose into his bosom, now licking his hands and face and striving by such mute eloquence to win him from his grief, whatever might have occasioned it. At last the youth mastered the emotion, and with trembling lip and swimming eyes stood again upon his feet.

"Back, Rover! Go home!"

The dog only lowered his head quite to the dust, and whined more piteously than before. Perhaps Willard was afraid to trust his voice again, but he certainly was resolved on making the animal obey him. Taking a knife his pocket, he proceeded, not very deliberately, to a tree which drooped its heavy branches over the stone wall by the way side. The dog did not move, but his large, pitiful eyes followed his young master to the tree, and watched him with a look of meek sorrow while he cut a limb from it and hastily trimmed away the leaves. But—as he returned! Willard was within a yard of his mutely eloquent friend, when the dog seemed of a sudden to comprehend his intent; and, with a sharp, piercing cry, made up of more emotions than often swell in a human bosom—a cry of intense, heart-crushing anguish, he leaped the fence and bounded away. Willard watched him—not with tears now, for there was something horrifying in what he had done, but with a kind of awe-stricken fear, until he reached the little bridge which had been thrown over the creek in the pasture. Here the dog, for the first time, relaxed his speed, turned about, and stretching his neck, ominously, in the direction in which Willard stood, sent forth a long, dismal howl. Howl after howl—howl after howl—prolonged—terrible! And the boy, putting his fingers to his ears, ran with all his speed, till he had left the hill between himself and his home. Pause once more, and bethink thee, Willard! Perchance that far-off howl, dying now in the distance, is warning thee of coming evil. Pause, and think!

As Willard hurried on, though he passed familiar farm-houses, bidding adieu to the scenes of his boyhood, perhaps forever, a change gradually came over him; for the clear fresh air of morning, brushed his cheek and cooled his forehead, giving courage to his heart; and the brisk motion quickened his blood and took some of the pain from his pulse-throbs. By degrees his thoughts passed from the things he was leaving to the future; and he went on, whistling "A Life on the Ocean Wave," and carelessly switching the thistles and May-blossoms with this stick which he had cut for Rover.

## Chapter II.—A STRANGER.

Willard had been wandering by the wharf all day, passing from one vessel to another, talking with seamen and laying plans for the future with apparent boldness; but, spite of all this, there was a desolate feeling at his heart, which was fast writing itself in unobvious characters of thought upon his face. He still had with him the stick which he brought from Lawson farm, and carried suspended from it a small bundle of things which he had taken the forethought to tie up in a pocket handkerchief on the morning he left home. Thus, with a very scanty purse, was all he had on earth—neither money, nor goods, nor friends. But he possessed that which was worse for him, misguided as he was, than his wants—a bold, impulsive nature, self-confidence, and an undoubted trust in others, warmth, and energy, and gaiety, and a desire too see every thing and test every thing; while, just at this moment, when he most needed it, a huge was loosened in his strong heart. He wandered alone to a back street, dark, narrow, and filthy, for he was taking his first lesson in economy, and seated himself upon a bench at the door of an ale-house. Strange beings were passing by. The drunkard and the pauper; the undignified, miserable, and the degraded, mirth-beggar by profession, all went trooping on, varied only now and then by a face which had some tokens of decency in it, to break the disgusting monotony. After awhile the men began to gather in the ale-house, for night came creeping on and such men? Willard had never dreamed of their like before. There were oaths and blasphemies, and brutal jests, and coarse, loud

laughter, and wrangling, with now and then an expostulation that had but little gentleness about it; and as Willard listened, he moved uneasily on his bench, and looked about him with some anxiety, for his prospects for the night were anything but agreeable. But should he be coward enough to change his quarters? Willard was but a boy, and boys have some super refined notions of courage. He stretched himself upon the bench, placing his little bundle under his head. He had not been in this position long when his attention was attracted by another new-comer. The stranger was tall and broad-shouldered—magnificently made, and as he stepped into the light beyond the door-way, Willard raised his head and looked after him admiringly. Was it some brigand chief, some proud and powerful sea-robber, or could it be a mere common man like the other there, smoking and drinking and swearing.

He could not be a good man, for Willard knew that this was no place for the good. And yet he did not look like one given to vicious habits or evil passions. His rich, wavy hair was slightly grizzled, but it had evidently been touched by no pencil more objectionable than *Time* carries—his complexion was pale and delicate, quite unlike that of a sea-robber; and his soft blue eyes were full of mildness and love. He wore a stiff, military-looking coat buttoned closely to the chin, displaying his strong muscular proportions to the best advantage, and carried in his hand a heavy walking stick, headed with silver. Willard could not discover in what the stranger's peculiarity either of dress or manner consisted, and yet there was a peculiarity which attracted the attention of all the bar-room loungers. He spoke a word or two to those nearest him on entering, in a voice of singular richness and energy, and then drawing back a little from the company, placed himself upon a settle, just inside the door. He was evidently a stranger to the rest of the company as to Willard; and although he seemed disinclined to join in their mirth, his eye wandered from one to another with an interested kind of curiosity, which puzzled our young friend not a little. Was there any affinity existing between the spirit of the stranger and a scene like this? There was a nobleness in his countenance and a majesty in his air, which belonged to no common person—an arch-angel fallen, perhaps, for, if not fallen, why should he be there among the vicious and degraded? Willard watched him wonderingly, and as he watched, the hearts within began to dance together, the night-lamps to join them, and finally the stars, and at last the boy's dull eyes closed entirely, and his chin rested upon his shirt-collar. Willard was tired and sleepy that night. How long he gave himself up to the dream-spirits he did not know, but when he awoke, a voice of singular kindness, close to his ear, remarked—

"You have slept soundly, my son."

"I have had an unusual pillow," returned Willard, smiling, and raising his head from the shoulder where it had rested. "I trust I may not have hugged it too long for its owner's convenience."

"That is its owner's care. It was presented unasked, and might have been reclaimed at any moment. But surely," added the stranger, in a lower tone, "you are not in the habit of resorting to such a place as this?"

"I might return the compliment," answered Willard, laughing. "For I take your remark as something of a compliment; I wondered myself to sleep upon the subject."

"And what did you decide?"

"Nothing."

"I have met with better success in my study. You are a stranger?"

"Not quite a companion for men like those—thank you."

"You are far from home, for the first time?"

"The first time!" returned Willard, with a sigh.

"You have not always been happy in that home?"

"There is no great skill in that—who has?"

"You left it in anger?"

"Go on, wizard."

"You know you have taken a false step, and feel much regret, but you are too proud to return."

"No, no, I am not sorry I have done it. I am not sorry—I wouldn't go back for the world."

"Rover misses you."

Willard started and turned slightly pale.

"And your sister Sophy—"

"Ha! I believe you are the devil, man."

"Not quite, my son; your guess has even less courtesy in it than mine, when I dub you runaway."

"Who and what are you that you should know so much of me—know the names of Sophy and Rover?"

"I can tell you more—you have a desire to go to sea."

"Right, but you have dealings with his black majesty."

"And more." Here the stranger took the youth's hand affectionately in his, and looked into his face with solemn earnestness. "I can tell you more, my son; and I am no magician to discover it. I see it written upon your forehead. I see it beaming in your eye. God has done that for you which may make you among men like yonder star among these feeble lamp-lights. He has gifted you with a quick, powerful intellect, and a warm earnest heart, but that power may be degraded and spend itself on trifles, that earnestness may be perverted. The gallant craft you are about to launch upon the broad ocean of the world with (pardon me, my son,) tender sails and warped rudder, is a thing too noble to subject to such a risk. If you were an older sailor you would make better preparations for your voyage. No, I am laying no unusual weakness to your charge. See the fire in your eye, I read strength of pur-



pose on that bold brow, and I know what a strong will may enable you to do. But beware, my son! as noble vessels as yours have been wrecked; as strong minds have yielded the jewels of intellect to the unquenching principle; hearts as true as yours have blackened under the finger of pollution. What talisman have you to bear you safely through? There was a time, I think, there must have been a time when you prayed, 'lead us not into temptation,' and now you are voluntarily walking in the way of it. Do I not tell you truth, my son?

'What am I to do?' asked Willard with a quivering lip.

'First down and tell me all your troubles and your plans.'

'You seem to be pretty well informed on that subject already.'

'I never saw you, nor heard of you till this evening.'

'How then do you know so much about me?'

'Your face, just now, is so full of thought—you look innocent—you are respectably clad—you carry a bundle on your walking stick—you are in a place given up to the vicious—you go to sleep unsuspiciously where any but a stranger would be pretty sure of having his pocket picked—you murmur names in your sleep—your speech on awaking is intelligent; am I a wizard?'

'You are observing.'

'I came here to observe; and shall be but too happy if I can be of service to you.'

'I thank you, but I believe my path is pretty plain before me. I have had conversation with a ship-master, to-day, and have very nearly enlisted as a sailor. You are very kind; but notwithstanding your warning, I have a fancy that he who cannot preserve purity of mind and morals on the water would scarcely do it on the land.'

'Very true, my son. It is your intention to go out as a common sailor?'

'Yes, I begin at the bottom of the hill. I have no friends to help me to a better berth.'

'Your associates, then, must necessarily be men who, if not vicious, are ignorant—you will have no change of companionship, nothing to elevate your thoughts and feelings—all a dark degraded level about you, and you must be more than human not to sink to it. You are young, too, and do not yet understand your capabilities, because you have not tested them. You should be thoroughly educated.'

'I do not like study, sir.'

'Scarcely an excuse for a man, my son. If the bird should chance not to like the air, we might give it to some little girl to enslave; or if the fish should find the water disagreeable, we should scarce take the trouble to reason with it—let the foolish thing die; but the immortal mind is not a bird or a fish to be granted its whim and perish. The question is not what you fancy but what you need. Nothing worth having flies to you and alights upon your hand; you must seek, dig, dig, dig, and the 'hid treasure' when found, will be worth a thousand worlds to you—There is something glorious, too, in the labor—You commence in this world a process which is to be carried on hereafter under the eyes of angels—which is to make the bliss of eternity. Think of the great, undying, God-like mind within you, lying all uncultivated, its capacities undeveloped, its powers unimproved, its affinity to the Deity unrecognized—benefiting no one, influencing no one, lost like rubbish among the things that perish—a chasm in the great intellectual unity, a monster of ingratitude to the God who endowed it, and a curse to itself. You cannot walk through the world as the fool walks and be happy, for there is that within you which demands your life-long care, and if you neglect it—listen to me, my son, and believe me, for I have seen more years and more men than you have, and I have made nature like yours; my study—if you neglect it, you may almost as well turn at once to yonder bar and find your associates there. You cannot satisfy the yearning of the deathless spirit for the food it covets with husks, it will not be toyed with; and when starved, enslaved, trampled on, its sharp eyes comes to your ear, you will drown it as—those men drown it. Look at that one with a scar across the brow, and the frightful scowl had—has no common mind—you will discover it for yourself if you watch his actions and his words. On the table yonder degrading himself lower than any mountebank is one made to love beauty and harmony—a poet by nature, a harlequin by prostitution.'

'You seem to know them well,' remarked Willard, throwing a scrutinizing glance on his monitor.

'As I know you; I have never met them before.'

'I had been looking at them before you came in, and I thought them either fools or madmen; there seems to be no reason either in their actions or words.'

'They are both, but not half as mad as you are now to run violently into the same danger. Willard drew himself up.

'I have reason to be highly flattered, sir with your opinion of my strength of character and purity of principle.'

'The stranger laid his hand soothingly on the shoulders of the half-angry youth, who lowered its magnetic touch, until he stood smiling beside him as before.

'Have you more than human strength, my son? There is an angel hovering over your heart. I know, but is there one standing at its door with a flaming sword to keep off evil? Is it chained fast that it cannot go into error? Are you stronger than the son of the morning and purer than he that you cannot fall? Does none of the original sin of our ruined natures cleave to you, and have you added nothing thereto?—A Redeemer died for you, but did he make it impossible for you to sin? or was it not this same Holy One who said, 'Watch and pray, lest you enter into temptation.' Think of the indignant exclamation of one as pure-hearted and unsuspecting as you are, 'What! dost thou think thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing? And what things did he not do? What crime too black for him afterwards? There was a time, I doubt not, when yonder harlequin would have been indignant had his present degradation but been exhibited. But listen to him now. 'Tat was a beautiful sentiment to drop from such lips—but how distorted—and finished with an oath—here he came. There was a time when he was innocent and self-confident, and I am sure

not many years ago. Wait me here, while I recall those days. If I but lay my finger on the right chord, I may produce a vibration which will call up some well-known forgotten strain of better days and do him good.'

The stranger stepped to the table where a light-haired, fair-faced, litha young man was dancing and singing songs and performing various feats of buffoonery for the amusement of the stercoraceous company about him.

'Henry Clayton, I believe?'

'Ah! what's in a name! 'Avoid ye! get thee behind me! 'Do you squiring at me?'

'When the wine-cup is smiling before us, and we pledge round to hearts that are true, boys, true.'

'Remember, your part is to endure us—'

'So here's for a habubloo—loo, loo, loo, So here's for—here's for—'

'Where are your voices, boys? Oh, there is the big shadow yet—out with it, man?'

'I have a message for you.'

'Then deliver thyself, art thou art not breathless with the weighty matter, my little foot-page. Speak on; these are all our right loyal subjects, and we have no secrets from their ears.'

'I had better wait your leisure,' replied the stranger, turning away.

'Leisure! here's for you, then. I come—'

'I come! and plunging from the table, Clayton alighted on his hands, turned a somerset, cleared himself of the applauding crowd, and joined the tall stranger on the portico.

'Perhaps I should apologize for interrupting your agreeable amusement,' Willard heard his new friend remark.

'Agreeable! Well, there is laughing and the hours go by—yes, it is agreeable. You had an errand.'

'My message was a petition.'

'You had better have presented it then while I was on my throne. Ha, ha!'

'It is a solemn one, sir.'

'Well, speak, though I have no liking for solemn things,' answered the half-sobered youth.

'Let's laugh and be merry For old Charon's ferry.'

'I beg your pardon, speak on.'

'An angel once dwelt in your heart, and he would fain come back again. Innocence is the lost one's name—oh, take her to your bosom, and with her she will bring a sister—Peace.'

Willard did not hear the reply, but he thought it was a scoff, and he wondered if it were possible for him ever to become so degraded. The two men still pursued their walk up and down the portico, their voices gradually growing lower and more earnest, till not a single word could be distinguished. At last they parted. The younger walked away in the darkness, and the stranger monitor returned to the waiting Willard.

'Poor fellow! He is very miserable, for he is sensitive, concerning his degradation as though it were not his own work. He was not sorry to find sympathy and encouragement, and I have left him with an arrow in his heart which he may turn to balm. Heaven help him! He has promised to come to me in the morning for employment. If he should, I will do the best I can for him, and I think my friends here would second my endeavors.'

'Do you believe that he will keep his promise?'

'It is doubtful. He might reform, but it is hard to retreat steps of darkness and bitterness—better commence a-right, my son.'

Willard wished himself at home again, and almost thought he would submit to his father's control (tyranny he named it) in order to avoid the fearful hazard of his present position.

'I would commence a-right,' he began falteringly; 'I would commence a-right—but cannot go back to Lawson farm. There is no one to guide me, here no one to advise me—what shall I do?'

'And why not go back, my son?'

'I am not happy there—I cannot be. If there were any one to talk to me as you do, to awaken me to cultivate and improve them, I might find pleasure in that; but I shall go away and forget what you have told me, and I cannot do right when I am unhappy. No, I never will go back to Lawson farm.'

'Go with me then will you not?'

'Where?'

'To—to complete your education, to fit yourself for usefulness in the sphere which to-day you may choose; to-morrow will be lost to you. Go with me, my son, and you never will regret this most important decision of your life.'

'How can I go? I am but one remove from beggary, though I decline the profession, in favor of the 'bouding billow.' Here is my wardrobe in this pocket-handkerchief, and here my purse—just eighty-nine cents in it—a weighty capital with my expectations! I have nothing else in the wide world.'

'You have a strong hand and a strong intellect. Improve well what you have, and I will make the rest easy for you.'

'Who then are you?'

'The stranger pulled a card from his pocket and put it in the hand of the youth, who stepped nearer the light to read it. In a moment he returned, his eyes moist and his voice tremulous.

'I have heard of you. You have been very kind to reason so with my waywardness, and I commit myself, without question, to your guidance, for your voice has reached to my inmost spirit and roused aspirations which might have slumbered forever.'

'You will go with me then?'

'I will, I dare not refuse. It almost seems to me that you had been sent here, in this hour of danger, by my dead mother.'

'Perhaps—the spirits that have gone home before do watch over us, my son.'

### Chapter III.—THE ORATOR.

An immense concourse of the proudest intellects the state can boast of had assembled at the temple of the tomb, for the inspiration of a mighty spirit had passed over them; and each wrapt listener suspended his breathing, lest even that should drown some tone, replete with the eloquence of a mighty undeviling spirit. The voice of the speaker was one well known in the council-hall, one to which senators had listened with reverence, one which widows honored and phi-

lanthropy had cause to bless. And he now spoke eloquently and feelingly upon a subject, which it was evident interested him beyond measure—the dispersion of the clouds from the intellectual horizon of the human race; and the full steady light, flooding every thing in its way, which was spreading itself from zenith to nadir. He spoke of the might of mind even its clay prison; of the man of the wise thought beside the man of the strong arm; of the little voice which comes up from the lone philosopher's cell to shake the broad earth with its thunders; and of the foolish one, who goes out among his fellows, never knowing nor making it known that he carries more than the wealth of an empire in his bosom. He went back to the earth's night, and plunged into the closet of the alchemist and the cell of the monk where genius wrestled with superstition, in the dense darkness, and where knowledge long hid her mourning head; and he brought up from each a libration to pour upon the altar of intellectual democracy. He pointed to the lone stars that formerly glittered, wondrous to gaze at, in the wide heaven of literary fame; and then he suddenly enrolled a new firmament, all spangled over with orbs full of brilliancy and beauty, but so lost in the universal light as to be scarcely discoverable. And with what heart-felt eloquence he hailed the glorious morning! Ah! he must have been standing beneath a sun of his own, to be so enraptured with the spirit-warming effulgence; for there are those who even now see nothing but feeble rushlights, glimmering in the darkness; who long for the olden time, when but one star blazed aloft to light, a century, and after its exit the world slumbered on, till another came, darning its wild corruscations athwart the gloom with startling fulgurances. He was not a mere orator, he was an artist, a pygmalion, and his orations breathed—glowed—burned; his promethean hand had stolen the sacred fire, and he scattered it with a wild profusion, which left a spark on every heart—not to kindle passion, but to burn away the dross, and leave the godlike spirit unalloyed, in unshackled freedom.

He ceased, and that vast concourse arose and walked away in subdued silence. Each mind however deeply buried in frivolities, flung open its portals to thought, and thought is the angel which, once admitted, rectifies and renovates the whole inner being.

Among those who listened to the thrilling eloquence of the gifted orator was a noble-browed, mild-eyed old man, with locks of snow, and a face whose expression combined benevolence with native dignity. His broad chest heaved with emotion while he listened; and when the eyes of others kindled with enthusiasm, his closed over the warm tears which gushed up from a fountain stirred in his bosom only; for he knew that from seed, which he once held between his own fingers, sprang all those sentiments so fraught with life, so redolent with wisdom and purity. In a few minutes they had grasped hands—the noble old man, and the son of his better nature. They met not with outward caressings, but with a close clasping of the spirit which is sometimes granted on this side of bliss, and a more than womanly gush of tenderness quivering in either voice: for it is a gross wisdom which claims not love for its twin.

Go on, Willard Lawson! gather thy jewels about thee, as thou art gathering them now; make thine own setting one of unsurpassed glory; for soon a brow thou lovest will turn from earth to be adorned in Heaven.

Mr. Polk's Message is acknowledged on all hands to be one of the best ever written. It has unbounded popularity with the people. If Old Hickory were alive it would be difficult to convince the people he had no hand in it. Young Hickory is a genuine scion of the old tree, and follows close in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor.

A suit is on trial at New Orleans which involves the titles of nearly all the land-owners in the parish of Ouchita, and other places in that State, embracing upwards of 200,000 acres, being part of what is known as the 'Bastrop grant,' which was conveyed to M. Bastrop by Governor Carondelet, about the year 1790.

The legislature of Alabama assembled on the 1st inst. at the capitol at Tuscaloosa, and was organized by electing John A. Wington, of Sompter, president of the senate, and Andrew B. Moore, of Perry, speaker of the house of representatives; democrats.

James Clark, whom Mr. Polk has just appointed Governor of Iowa, was a journeyman printer, twelve years ago, in the office of the St. Louis Republican. He was a very correct printer, and, *prima facie*, must make a very correct governor. [Atlas.]

Mankind may be divided into three classes—Those who learn from the experience of others—they are happy men. Those who learn from their own experience—they are wise men. And lastly, those who learn neither from their own nor from other people's experience—they are fools.

The Indiana legislature was organized on the 1st by a choice of democratic officers in both branches. Gov. Whitcomb's message was delivered on the second, and has arrived.

Emigrants. Some fourteen hundred emigrants arrived at New Orleans in two days, 25th 27th November, principally from Bremen and Havre.

They have discovered the ruins of an ancient city, in Texas.

Hon. Henry Clay intends to spend the winter in Cuba, after visiting New Orleans.

Elihu Burritt says the wages of the laboring men in the world do not average more than twenty cents a day.

Wisdom will die with him.—An itinerant preacher, when discoursing on the goodness of Providence, said, 'But my brethren, even death itself, which, for our many offences, we have all inherited, Providence has wisely placed at the end of our lives; for, oh! what would life be worth were death at the beginning?—' In another part he remarked, 'It is another instance of the goodness of Providence that large rivers always flow by large towns.'

### OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, DECEMBER 23, 1845.

#### 'PANIC, AND PANIC MAKERS.'

There are, says the Bath Inquirer, individuals in society whose life depends upon excitement. They were born during a whirlwind, a thunder-storm or a conflagration. Every thing with them must go by steam. If they can steam up an excitement or create a panic, they are in their glory. Nothing with them is steady. Every-day life is too monotonous.

As it is with individuals so it is with parties. To refer to one we would name the whig party in politics. One of the organs of the party in Massachusetts has very truly, though unwittingly, declared that the whigs are always most successful when the tornado of excitement is raging. We were aware of this before.

If, by dint of hard-cider, coon-skins and log-cabins, an excitement cannot be got up, then some foolish fear is seized upon and all hands are 'piped' to the work of creating a panic. When the lamented Jackson was before the people as a candidate for the Presidency, in 1828, all the federal tribes from Maine to Georgia prophesied War! Jackson was held up as a man of carnage, his hands all crimsoned with the blood of innocence. Many of the federal papers denominated the Democratic ticket, the 'Blood and Carnage' ticket.

The story of the 'Six Militia Men' is familiar to many. The N. H. Journal, more patriotic than its contemporaries, come out with one page disfigured with six coffins, and a large string of doggerel verses all about the wicked man, Jackson, who slew the six Militia men! That paper, if it is published a thousand years, will ever be known in N. H. as the 'Coffee Hand Bill Journal.' Children were frightened by the name of Jackson. Old Nick himself was not half so formidable, with all his heads and horns. And when the people had decided that Jackson should be President, then we were to have war at once. Flying dragons were seen in the heavens, spouting forth red hot flame, and hosts of armies were marshalled upon every thunder-cloud. Panic prevailed, but war came not.

The storm at length lulled away, and all things were inauspicious for the ancestors of modern whigs, until the Hero pronounced a malediction upon the U. S. Bank. Then, O fury of furies! the country was to be ruined, sure enough! The 'Six Militia Men,' were forgotten, and the people, the 'dear people,' were to be ruined by having the bank-god demolished! But the country stood. Destruction came not at the federal invocation, or to fulfill federal prophecy. What next for panic capital? Luckily, the old Hero said something in one of his ardent messages that smelt of gunpowder, while treating upon the subject of French indemnity! The whole National Republican party (that was the name then) suddenly became ultra peace men. Panic was no longer confined to a slow trot, but immediately set out at full gallop. The French forked over; panic stock fell below par, and the stock holders were shockingly disappointed. The illustrious Jackson was on the top of the wave, and his soul traducers were in the trough. The Bank panic was occasionally revived, and continued through the administrations of Jackson, Van Buren and Tyler, to afford more or less steam for the whig engine, until, in 'the old cradle of liberty,' a U. S. Bank was pronounced an 'obsolete idea' by the 'Godlike' himself. Then and there the banking bubble burst, and ceased to float upon the surface of the turbid waters of whiggery.

When Mr. Polk was presented to the people of the United States as a candidate for the Presidency, the whole corps of whig politicians secretly chuckled in their sleeves, and exclaimed with one voice, 'Who is James K. Polk?'

But they saw in the general enthusiasm of the Democratic party—in the consolidated position which it assumed, that something besides seers were called for, but still, when they heard it announced in thunder-tones from the freeman's ballot box that James K. Polk is the People's President, they were completely at a loss to know what position to assume in order to raise that panic without which victory never perches upon the whig banner. The language of the Inaugural in relation to Oregon was the first small change afforded with which to commence a capital. This was rattled by the whig papers as a child will rattle his first copper in a large box, until another picaresque was found in the new aspect of affairs between Mexico and Texas, growing out of the annexation resolves. As the war plot thickened in Mexico, and as soldiers were concentrating in Texas and armed vessels in the gulf, the panic stock continued to rise, so that the panic party really flattered themselves that they should succeed in bringing the administration into disrepute with the people. But Mexico, after blustering awhile, took a 'saber second thought'—proposed a renewal of the diplomatic intercourse, and thus ended all signs of war in that quarter. Thus were cut off all the pegs on which whig hopes had been hanging for months.

Mean time the new President had made his first annual communication to Congress, and, contrary to whig wishes, he had 'toed the mark' and spoken in tones at once respectful and decided in relation to our claims upon Oregon. He has spoken just as his friends expected him to speak—just as the whigs themselves expected him to speak, but not in the namby pamby manner in which they desired him to. Now war! war! war! is the burden of the whig presses, and the prophesy of hired letter writers. Finding that the President is not to be frightened, they are now endeavoring to frighten the people. All at once the whigs are disposed for peace. Remarkably interesting are they in keeping from the small of gunpowder. All their sympathies are with the poor English, whom the President has so shockingly abused in his recent

message. Not all, thank Heaven, for there are some honorable exceptions. This whining sympathy for British interests, and fear of plainly asserting our full rights to Oregon, and the whole of Oregon, is confined to the Northern States, and to only a part of the whigs in these States. The 'Godlike' Daniel leads the British hosts, while the venerable ex-president Adams is heart and soul with Mr. Polk in this matter. Mr. Cushing, also, is distinguished for his zeal for the whole of Oregon. So are other eminent men in the whig ranks, but the 'Godlike' has a way of his own, and he will find a large company ready to train under him.

All the piteous hue and cry about war with England is mere adro effect—to create a panic, but it will fail. Panic-makers may contrive to raise the wind for a season, but three months will not elapse before the war about Oregon, like the war with Mexico, will be among the by-gones of the past. People may lay aside their fears, and not play tomfool with their wits by giving credence to the miserable humbuggery of Washington letter writers, hired to make artificial thunder for the edification of those who look upon whig newspapers as 'the law and the testimony.' Once more, we say, be not alarmed, for in a very short time those who are now prophesying war, and seeing 'signs and wonders' in the political heavens, will hide their diminished heads—not in shame, for of such a feeling they are unsusceptible.

We make the following extract from the Editorial correspondence of the Augusta Age, dated

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 13, 1845.

'Shall we have a war with England? Will Congress support the administration in the position it has assumed on the Oregon question? Will Texas be admitted without delay? What is to be done with the Tariff? &c., &c., are questions which are in the mouths of our people, all over the country; and are propounded in this city with little less interest than elsewhere. In relation to war with England, few of our better informed men have any apprehension of an immediate collision with that power, although mercantile or trading men are tremulously alive to the remotest appearance of danger from a break with England, which would of course intercept the channels of trade. These men, who are naturally timid, and who can understand and appreciate no policy which does not contribute to the direct and present increase of their gains, affect to see great danger of a collision with England on the Oregon question, and are, some of them, shameless enough to advise that government recede from its present high and just ground and concede, for the sake of peace, all that England demands. These men will be strongly represented in Congress.

Then, again, there will be a strong Southern influence against any measures which may involve us in a difficulty with England. The South boasts much of its chivalry and patriotism, yet it is very obvious that many of our leading men here will make large concessions to England for the sake of quiet. Still this willingness to yield rights which are clear, is confined to a comparatively small number, especially in the House, and there is no doubt that a very large majority will be found ready to carry out, in their fullest extent, the recommendations of the President in his Message. How the Senate will treat the subject is not quite so certain, though the prevailing opinion is that a majority will concur with the House. If so, an issue will be presented which will finally test the title of England, not only to Oregon, but if she make war upon us, to Canada and all her other possessions upon this continent. For if England must have the navigation of the Columbia, we must have the navigation of the St. Lawrence and St. John, and if she drive us into a war, we will have it.

As to Texas, all effective opposition to her admission, even from the most ardent opponents of that great measure, seems to have ceased. Nobody here thinks of making any further resistance. Even that most intractable of all opposers, John Q. Adams, now permits remonstrances to go to their silent graves, 'on the table,' without objection.

The question of the modification of the tariff excites much interest. It now seems to be the determination of a large portion of the democratic party to insist on an honest modification on all the great staples of common consumption, including sugar, iron, salt, cordage, duck, &c. For such a modification the democratic delegation of Maine will present an unbroken front. They will not consent to see the great interests of their noble State longer sacrificed to the interests of other States or localities. Their motto will be 'an honest, just, and equitable modification, or no modification at all.' There can be little doubt such a modification will be effected.

JAILOR.—Alvah Shurtliff, Jr., was, on Thursday last, appointed Jailor, in place of E. C. Shaw, Esq., resigned.

TOWNS CLERK.—Hiram Hubbard, Esq., was last Saturday elected Clerk of this town, vice E. C. Shaw, Esq., resigned.

### TEXAS ANNEXED!

We find the following in the correspondence of the Eastern Argus, under date of

WASHINGTON, Dec. 16.

Gentlemen—The Resolutions for the admission of Texas as a State of this Union, has just passed—Ayes 141,—Noes 56. The previous question was ordered by a vote of 108 to 90.

All the members from Maine voted in favor of the admission, with the exception of Seerance, whig.

Cold Bathing. Many people think that taking a cold bath renders the body more liable to take cold. This is a great mistake. A cold bath is a great luxury, besides having a most invigorating effect upon the physical and mental man. It is a most efficient barrier against that too common affliction, a bad cold—and also a preventative and restorative against all the ills which flesh is heir to. It is by no means so uncomfortable as many people suppose.



TIMOTHY LADDEN,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,



## THE GRAND DUKE AND THE JEW.

### A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

The following singular story, which was current among the English residents in St. Petersburg at the coronation of the present Emperor of Russia, has been narrated to us by a person newly arrived from that part of the continent.

In the early part of the year 1826, an English gentleman, from Akmetch in the Crimea, having occasion to travel to France on business of importance, directed his course by way of Warsaw in Poland. About an hour after his arrival in that city, he quitted the tavern in which he had been taking a refreshment to walk through the streets. While sauntering in front of one of the public buildings, he met an elderly gentleman of a grave and courteous demeanor. After a mutual exchange of civilities they got into conversation, during which, with the characteristic frankness of an Englishman, he told the stranger who he was, where from, and whither he was going. The other, in a most friendly manner, invited him to share the hospitalities of his house till such time as he found it convenient to resume his journey—adding, with a smile, that it was not improbable that he might visit the Crimea himself in the course of the year, when, perhaps, he might require a similar return; the invitation was accepted, and he was conducted to a splendid mansion, elegant without and commodious within.

Unbounded liberality on the part of the Pole produced unbounded confidence on the part of the Englishman. The latter had a small box of jewels of great value, which he had carried about his person from the time of his leaving home—finding that mode of conveyance both hazardous and inconvenient in a town, he requested his munificent host to deposit it in a place of security till he should be ready to go away. At the expiration of three days he prepared for his departure, and in asking for his box, how was he amazed when the old gentleman, with a countenance exhibiting the utmost surprise, replied,

"What box?"

"Why, the small box of jewels which I gave you to keep for me."

"My dear sir you must surely be mistaken; I never, really, saw or heard of such a box."

The Englishman was petrified. After recovering himself a little, he requested he would call his wife, she having been present when he received it. She came, and on being questioned, answered in exact unison with her husband—expressed the same surprise—and benevolently endeavored to persuade her distracted guest that it was a mere hallucination. With mingled feelings of horror, astonishment and despair, he walked out of the house and went to the tavern at which he had put up on his arrival in Warsaw. There he related his mysterious story, and learned that his inquisitive host was the richest Jew in Poland. He was advised, without delay, to state the case to the Grand Duke, who fortunately happened at that time to be in Warsaw.

He accordingly waited upon him, and with little ceremony was admitted to an audience. He briefly laid down his case, and Constantine "with a greedy ear, devoured up his discourse." Constantine expressed his astonishment—told him he knew the Jew, having had extensive money transactions with him—that he had always been respectable, and of an unblemished character. "However," he added, "I will use every legitimate means to unveil the mystery." So saying, he called on some gentlemen who were to dine with him that day, and despatched messenger with a note to the Jew, requesting his presence. Aaron obeyed the summons. "Have you no recollection of having received a box of jewels from the hand of this gentleman?" said the Duke.

"Never, my lord," was the reply.

"Strange indeed! Are you perfectly conscious (turning to the gentleman) that you gave the box as stated?"

"Quite certain, my lord."

Then addressing himself to the Jew—"This is a very singular case, and I feel it my duty to use singular means to ascertain the truth; is your wife at home?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Then," continued Constantine, "there is a sheet of paper and here is a pen; proceed to write a note to your wife in such terms as I shall dictate."

Aaron lifted the pen.

"Now," said the second Solomon, "commence by saying—'All is discovered.' There is no resource left but to deliver up the box. I have owned the fact in the presence of the Grand Duke."

A tremor shook the frame of the Israelite, and the pen dropped from his fingers; but instantly recovering himself he exclaimed—

"That is impossible, my lord! That would be directly implicating myself."

"I give my word of honor," said Constantine, "in the presence of every one in the room that what you write shall never be used as an instrument against you, farther than the effect it produces on your wife. If you are innocent, you have nothing to fear—but if you persist in not writing it, I will hold it as a proof of your guilt."

With a trembling hand, the terrified Jew wrote out the note, folded it up, and as he was desired, sealed it with his own signet. Two officers were despatched with it to his house, and when Sarah glanced over its contents, she swooned and sunk to the ground. The box was delivered up and restored to its owner—and the Jew suffered the punishment his villany deserved. He was sent to Siberia.

The Mormons at Nauvoo number over 11,000—a large gathering to move.

## THE PRICE OF THE SOUL.

### There resides in the town of C—, in this State, a wealthy old fellow by the name of W—.

It is said the old man is a firm believer in ghosts, spirits and hobgoblins. He reads his bible every day, says his prayers and takes a peep into the catechism at least once a week. On the whole he is, all in all, a tithingman. In all "revivals" he takes an active part, if they occur any where in the neighborhood; and none outdo him in exhorting "poor sinners to get into the ark of safety." We have known him even to take the lead in prayer meetings, groaning and shouting anon at the proper time for effect, and occasionally decimating a hymn for the "young converts" to sing. But with all his religion he is a dear lover of the "shining dust," and has long been a noted "shaver." He is always deeply interested in all money matters, and of late he has been honored with the dignified title of "Old cent percent," on account of the enormous interest which he exacts of those who hire his money, he sometimes taking as high as sixty per cent.

A while ago at a prayer meeting, the old man got up as usual to lecture "sinners." But some how the "poor sinners" had lost all confidence in the old fellows religious principles, and they agreed to silence him should he attempt to address them in his usual manner. The old man commenced with his favorite text, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" This was capital. Just what the poor sinner wanted to hear. He hardly uttered the last words of the passage, when one of them, a Mr. T. we think, bowing his head very gracefully, said, in a clear, calm tone, "Sixty per cent." The old man pretended not to hear, and stammered out something about the worth of the soul, and every moment growing more agitated, repeated again, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" "Sixty per cent, Sir," roared the same voice. The whole congregation were in a titter, and the old fellow dropping on his seat in an instant, let fall his head so low that he was wholly out of sight for the evening. It is said that he takes no more than forty per cent now, and that his religious zeal has decreased in the same ratio.

Nashville Banner.

## EXCERPTS.

Scandal. Every body condemns scandal, yet nothing circulates more readily—even gold itself, is less current.

Reform. The following were among the items of a bill presented by a painter to the Church wardens of an English parish. "To mending the commandments, altering the belief, and making a new Lord's prayer one guinea."

Infirmity of purpose. Indolence and indecision of mind, though not in themselves vices frequently prepare the way for much misery.

Typographical. The marine announcement of a N. York paper some time since was, that sundry vessels were prevented from going to sea by frogs and clams.

## PROBATE NOTICES.

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the last Tuesday of November, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-five.

On the Petition of George W. Cushman, Administrator of the estate of Harrison Whitman, late of Windsor, in said county, deceased, praying for Letters to sell so much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary to raise the sum of six hundred dollars for the payment of the debts of said deceased and incidental charges—

It was Ordered, that the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, aforesaid, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the first Tuesday of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

Copy-Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the last Tuesday of November, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-five.

On the Petition of George W. Cushman, Administrator of the estate of Harrison Whitman, late of Windsor, in said county, deceased, praying for Letters to sell so much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary to raise the sum of six hundred dollars for the payment of the debts of said deceased and incidental charges—

It was Ordered, that the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, aforesaid, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the first Tuesday of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

Copy-Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the last Tuesday of November, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-five.

On the Petition of Benjamin F. Whitcomb, Administrator of the estate of Nabby Whitecomb, late of Berden, in said county, deceased, having presented his second account of Administration of the estate of said deceased, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

It was Ordered, that the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, aforesaid, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the first Tuesday of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

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It was Ordered, that the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, aforesaid, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the first Tuesday of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

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On the Petition of Benjamin F. Whitcomb, Administrator of the estate of Nabby Whitecomb, late of Berden, in said county, deceased, having presented his second account of Administration of the estate of said deceased, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

It was Ordered, that the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, aforesaid, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the first Tuesday of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the last Tuesday of November, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-five.

Alfred Luffin, Administrator of the estate of Samuel Luffin, late of Berden, in said county, deceased, having presented his first account of Administration of the estate of said deceased, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

It was Ordered, that the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at said Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the first Tuesday of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

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At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the last Tuesday of November, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-five.

On the Petition of Josiah Dudley, Guardian of the Estate of Elinor Dudley, minor child of Josiah Dudley, late of said Paris, deceased, having presented his second account of Administration of the estate of said minor, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

It was Ordered, that the said Guardian give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at said Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the first Tuesday of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

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At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the last Tuesday of November, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-five.

On the Petition of Nathan P. Twitcheil, named Executor in a certain instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Eli Twitcheil, late of Berden, in said county, deceased, having presented the same for Probate.

It was Ordered, that the said Nathan P. Twitcheil give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at said Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the first Tuesday of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last Will and Testament of said deceased.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

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At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the last Tuesday of November, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-five.

On the Petition of Simon Seavey, Administrator of the estate of Clement Seavey, late of Berden, in said county, deceased, praying for Letters to sell so much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary to raise the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars for the payment of the debts of said deceased and incidental charges—

It was Ordered, that the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at said Paris, aforesaid, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the first Tuesday of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

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At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the last Tuesday of November, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-five.

On the Petition of John J. Holman, Administrator of the estate of Lewis B. White, late of Berden, in said county, deceased, having presented his second account of Administration of the estate of said deceased, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

It was Ordered, that the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at said Paris, aforesaid, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the first Tuesday of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

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## TO THE LADIES.

### WE HAVE RECEIVED AT THE NEW YORK CHEAP STORE,

(Under the United States Hotel,) PORTLAND.

## A Large Stock of DRY GOODS

OF THE LATEST IMPORTATIONS, AND MOST FASHIONABLE STYLES.

THESE Goods are all purchased and imported by one of the most experienced Houses in New York City, and we can assure all purchasers that we can, and will, sell our goods at such low prices as will

Defy all Competition.

WE will retail our Goods as low as any man can buy the same quality at Wholesale in New York!!!

WE MEAN WHAT WE SAY!!!

Our Goods are all fresh and new; and we here repeat that they are of the most fashionable styles sold in New York City. We receive by Packets and by Railroad new Goods almost daily, and therefore, we are enabled to supply the Ladies with the various styles imported into New York by the various Steamers and Packets within forty-eight hours after they are opened in that City.

Ladies, this is no humbug! We invite your attention to the Stock. If you wish to save your money, come and buy; if you wish for rich and fashionable

GOODS, COME AND BUY!!!

On Saturday last we received a large amount of new Goods, among which are the following—

SHIRTS, EDGINGS, all Lanes.

SCARVES, all Lanes.

Rich Cashmere Scarfs, Black Bullion

Silk Fringe.

SUPER THIBET CLOTHS.

All Styles of ALPACCAS at 20 per cent less than can be found in the State of Maine.

Ombres, Plain Shawls for \$1.

Rich Cashmere Shawls, very cheap; rich English Furture. Also a large lot of other Goods, all of which will be sold at the lowest New York prices.

Monday, Nov. 3, 1845.

Received this morning a large number of packages of the cheapest Goods ever offered in Portland. Among which is a great assortment of Beautiful Shaded Ribbons, for only 1c.

Plaid and Stripes, only 1c to 2c.

A large lot of the new Styles, only 12 1-2c.

There has been nothing ever offered in the market that can compete with the above.

High cold Marcelline Silks for trimming.

6 1-4 & 8 1-4 Brown Linen Table Covers—cheap.

100 doz. Doyles, for only 4 cents each.

100 doz. Napkins, for only 6 1-4 cents.

Good Canton Flannel, only 10 cents.

Ladies, we know these Goods are cheaper than can be found this side of New York.

Ventilation Figured Stripes.

6 Pieces—Silk and Worsted—a new and beautiful article for Dresses.

Ladies, this article, something new, we can sell cheaper than can be had elsewhere. They cannot be bought in New York at retail at less than 57 1-2 and we will sell them for 62 1-2 cents. Ladies, call and see the article.

A new article of COUNTERPANES, 6 1-4 wide, deeper color, stout and beautiful, only 20 cents per yard.

We are selling this article very rapidly. The Ladies find that it is cheaper than anything they have ever seen, and as pretty and as good as the old English counterpanes, costing from \$1.00 to \$2.00.

BROADCLOTHS, Cassimeres, Sattinets, Red, White, Yellow and Green Twisted Flannel.

Men and Boys' Comforters.

SEAWALES, SEAWALES.

Rich Cashmere Shawls; Christiana Co. Leggings do; Mantle do; Children's do; and a great variety of other Ladies, in the Shawl trade we can save you from 50 cents to \$2.00 on each shawl if you will buy of us.

CLOAK GOODS.

We have every kind of Cloak Goods, of good and fashionable styles, that are offered in the market. In this article we can save you 50 per cent.

MOUSLIN DE LAINE.

A great variety of this article, of the latest importations, and will be sold wonderfully cheap.

SILKS!! SILKS!!

A good assortment of Rich Silks, cheaper than can be found this side of New York.

Striped Grosgrain; Stripes and Plain Grosgrain; Stripes Grosgrain; Stripes Romanas.

Also—4 BLUE BLACK SILKS, very rich and just imported, and less than Stewart's prices of N York.

We invite the Ladies, one and all, to examine this stock. We repeat our assurance, that these Goods are the latest and most fashionable styles, purchased by one of the most experienced houses in New York, and forwarded directly to ourselves. We also repeat that they will be sold at less prices than the same quality can be obtained in the State.

Under U. S. Hotel, corner of Federal-st.

Wanted—A Store on Maine street, near the wharf, with a good Cellar.

At 100—Two experienced Salesmen. Nov. 6—25

SIMEON CUMMINGS,

AGENT for Mount Vernon Mutual Fire Insurance Company, Paris, Hill.

DENTISTRY, DENTISTRY.